THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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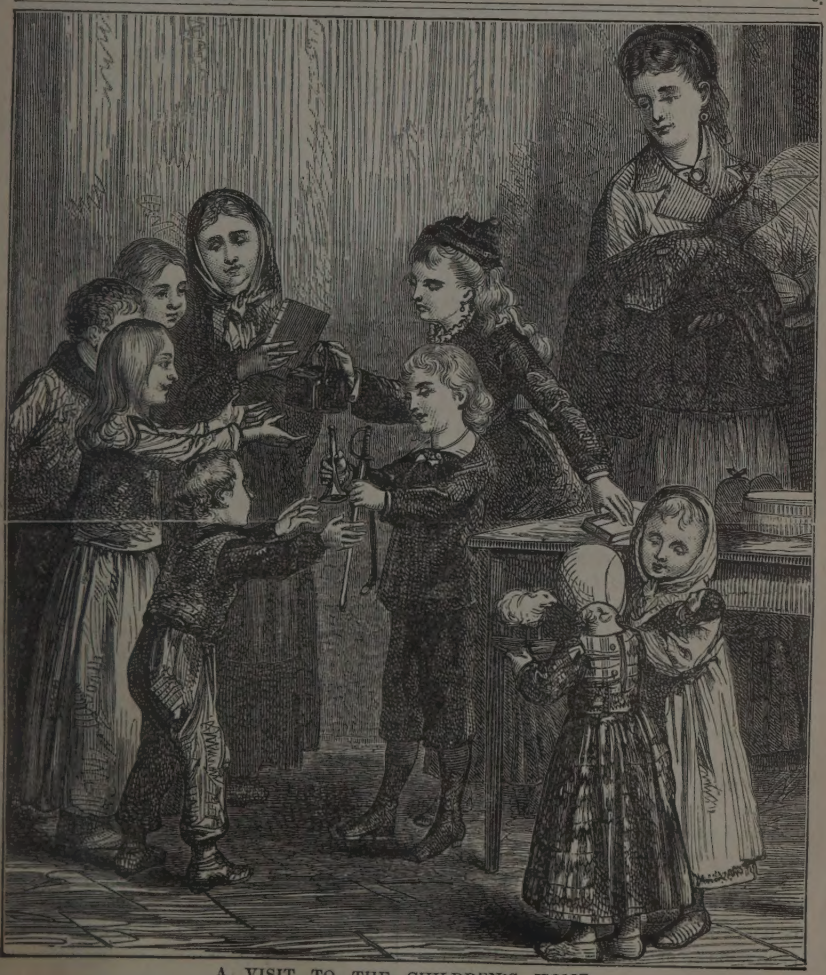


A VISIT TO THE CHILDREN'S HOME.

THE CHILDREN'S MISSION

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DESTITUTE IN BOSTON.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this coming May this Mission was organized as a bond of union between the children of the favored classes and the children of the destitute. Through it good-will, sympathy, and kindly help have gone forth, to bring back love, gratitude, and joy. This mutual interchange has been the occasion of great good to both parties.

For a quarter of a century this bond of union has existed, and now comes the time for the "silver wedding." The managers of the Mission are preparing to have this celebrated in the best way possible. They do not hesitate to call upon all who know and love the Mission to remember the occasion with their gifts; and they hope that these will come in so freely that the union for the next quarter of a century will be still more blessed in the good it shall accomplish.

It is customary in very many Christian churches to make at Easter a contribution in aid of the poor and suffering. This year, the first Sunday in April will be Easter Sunday. In response to the invitation of the managers of the Mission, the Sunday schools of Boston and vicinity, and perhaps even more distant schools, will on that day, we trust, make a generous contribution, to be sent to the Mission as an "Easter Offering," expressive of their love for it and its work, their joy in its coming anniversary occasion, their confidence in its future.

Many of our Sunday schools have local charities which require all the aid they are able to contribute. In Providence, R.I., for instance, there is a Mission precisely like this, and only eight years younger. It, too, is doing a noble work. Schools in such places must, of course, sustain their own enterprises. But there are very many schools upon which the calls for charity are few. It is doubtful whether they can do better on this coming Easter than to remember the Children's Mission in Boston.

For The Dayspring.

HOW GRANTLY MELLEN WAS CURED.

BY C. D. N.

GRANTLY MELLEN took his dinner-pail and trudged slowly off toward the school-room. It was a hot morning in August, and he had nearly a mile to go. Somehow his face didn't look very sunny, and his lips were pouted as if his mother's kiss hadn't left a good taste.

Fact was, Grantly took a sudden thought into his foolish little head that morning that he would like to stay from school that day, and had astonished his mother by saying so.

"Why, no, my darling," said his mother, "school closes in a week more, and I know my boy doesn't want a black mark on the register now, when he has had none this term. Beside, you'll have time enough to play when school is done and we are safe at Grandma's." So she patted his twisted curls, and sent him off with a kiss.

But that same uneasy voice that whispers to so many restless boys kept whispering to him, and he was just silly enough to walk slowly so as to listen; and he kept listening till, before he reached the school-house, he had persuaded himself that he needed to stay out of school a half-day, if no more. He recited poor lessons all the forenoon,

and his teacher spoke sharply to him several times; so by noon he was cross enough to listen to any thing that whispering voice had to say.

As he took his dinner-pail to go out under the broad elms, Jim Hayden called him "Saur Kraut," and that settled it. He marched off out of sight with his dinner-pail, determined to play truant that afternoon, come what would; and when the school-bell rang he was a long way from the school-house.

And what was he to do? He hadn't a fish-line, so it was of no use to go to the brook; it was too early to expect to gather nuts: there were some berries to pick, but he soon tired of that. Then he played he was Robinson Crusoe, and wandered off into the woods; but the old stump did not make a good "man Friday," so he had to give that up. Then he played he was a western trapper, and he took a big stick for a gun; and the imaginary slain buffaloes lay round him thick and cold. But he got tired of all these plays, and the afternoon wasn't half gone.

Then he played he was one of the "Babes in the Wood," and was lost, and that was the only game which proved to be real; for, after he had finished that, he started for home, supposing it was nearly time for school to be done, and he deemed it best to be getting home before it was very much past four o'clock. He felt hungry, and that alone will make folks cross, you know. Beside, he was dissatisfied with himself, because he felt ashamed of what he had done; so he went along, kicking the stones and sticks as spitefully as if they were fighting him, till, all of a sudden, he stopped and looked about him.

It was all strange; he never was there before. He had been berrying with his cousins somewhere about these woods, but had never seen these tall trees before, and he grew afraid; and, though he was nine years old, and had just been promoted to the "Third Reader," he laid down on a log and cried. He did not know what he must do, so he did just the worst thing. He wandered about till he was hopelessly bewildered, and then seated himself on a log, and had plenty of time to see what a wicked, foolish boy he had been to leave school; and he thought if he could only be spared through that night, he never, never would play truant or do any thing half as wicked again.

He began to think how his mother must feel, and felt glad his father was out upon the water, or, better still, safe in port. But he might have spared himself this worriment, for his mother had suddenly been called to her mother's home by the unexpected arrival of her brother from the West, and had sent a note to Grantly to go home with his little cousin and stay till she should return; but she sent it by "Irish Mike," who put it in his greasy pocket and thought no more about it that day.

Oh, what a long, long night that was! and how he cried and longed for morning! At last it came, and a very hungry boy sat upon a brown log rubbing open his sleepy eyes. As soon as awake, he began his aimless wanderings. Oh, it was horrible! lost in those horribly tall old woods! he was afraid to think. Which way to turn he knew not. And just as he had succeeded in rubbing both fists nearly into his eyes, he heard the familiar voice of Farmer Dobson shouting, "Whoa, Star! Gee, Bright!" and there he was with his oxen and cart. You may feel sure he clambered upon the pile of wood as soon as it was loaded, and gladly rode toward home, meeting Irish Mike on the way, who fumbled in his pockets awhile, then drew forth a dirty note. Poor, trembling Grantly read it, and went to his cousin's till school-time; and when the bell rang he trudged off gayly.

The school-house had never looked so inviting to him before. Grim Miss Bently looked more like an angel to him than a teacher. Every freckle-faced urchin and pinafored girl looked sweeter than he had dreamed girls or boys could look. Like a good many older people, he had learned to prize his blessings, and that in less than twenty-four hours.

He never could just believe he wasn't in those gloomy woods several weeks; and actually went to the glass to look for gray hairs, because he remembered reading accounts of hair turning white through trouble or fright. That night he found his mother at home, and, with his head in her lap, told her just what a naughty boy he had been; and she patted his curly head, forgave him, and thanked God it had proven no worse.

"For suppose my little boy had wandered about and died in those great woods, and died because of disobedience! how could mother ever have smiled again?"

And he promised never again to do so foolish and wicked a thing; and, though he went to school many years afterward, he never felt tempted to play truant again.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Is your heart with me, mother,
  Though I am so far away?
Have you thought of me, mother,
  All the busy day?
Yes, I know that you are sitting
  In the moonlight, soft and mild;
Yes, your heart is with me, mother;
  You are thinking of your child.
Is there something breathing softly
  Through the moon's soft light?
'Tis my thought of you, mother,
  'Tis your child's Good-night.

Art thou thinking of me, mother,
  As I am of thee?
From your loving heart, my mother,
  Rises there a prayer for me?
Yes: the moon, so softly beaming,
  Tells me that thou art;
Tells me of that prayer, my mother,
  For me in thine heart.
O pale moon, so calmly shining,
  Let thy silv'ry light,
To a loving, absent mother,
  Bear a child's Good-night.

H. T.

For The Dayspring.

ANCIENT ENGLISH ABBEYS AND CASTLES.

NO. IV. — PART I.

WESTMINSTER, a city of Middlesex, England, is now so united to the western part of London that it seems a part of that city.

The road which formerly connected the two towns was called

THE STRAND,

from its position along the shore of the river Thames. On this road were built the *inns* or town mansions of the nobility, the gardens thereof extending to the river bank. The houses of Earl Lincoln and of Earl Gray are now used for colleges for law-students, and are still called Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn.

On the country road connecting the two towns of London and Westminster was the little hamlet of Charing. Here was erected by Edward I., about 1060,

CHARING CROSS,

being the last cross erected in honor of the resting-place of the deceased queen, on its way to interment in Westminster Abbey. The cross was originally of wood, but afterwards a stone cross was erected. The cross has been destroyed, but the spot still retains the name.

At the boundary between London and Westminster was erected a gate-way called

TEMPLE-BAR.

It was anciently only posts, rails, and a chain, — such as were at Holborn-bar, Whitechapel-bar, &c., thus separating London from the adjacent towns and villages.

But afterwards at Temple-bar was erected a wooden house across the street, with a narrow gate-way, and an entrance on the south side of it, under the house.

The present handsome stone gate at Temple-bar, the only one of the city boundaries now remaining, was erected in 1670, designed by Sir Christopher Wren.

Formerly the gate was shut each night and guarded by watchmen; but now it is closed only in cases of apprehended riot in the city.

Upon the centre of the present gate were formerly iron spikes, where were placed the head and limbs of persons executed for treason. The last head placed there remained in its position for twenty-five years. About seventy years ago, these iron spikes were removed from the Bar.

On particular occasions, such as the proclamation of a new sovereign, or of peace, the gate is closed by the corporation of London proper; and admission has to be formally demanded of the Lord Mayor, before the royal family can enter the city from Westminster. The Lord Mayor then delivers the city sword to the sovereign, who re-delivers it to the mayor, and the latter then rides bare-headed immediately before the sovereign.

WESTMINSTER

Forms the West End of London, or fashionable residence of the nobility and gentry. Here are St. James Palace, Buckingham House, Whitehall Palace, Westminster Hall or Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey.

On the left bank of the river Thames, in Westminster, is the site of the ancient palace of Edward the Confessor, the last of the Saxon kings, who died in 1066, just before the advent of William the Conqueror from Normandy. This palace was also occupied by the Norman kings. In 1097, William Rufus made an addition to the north end of the palace, of a large room, called

WESTMINSTER HALL,

which was afterwards repaired and somewhat altered by Richard II. It exceeds in dimension any room in Europe unsupported by pillars, being 290 feet in length, 68 feet in breadth, and 110 feet in height.

Parliaments have often been held in this hall; and here have been tried peers and other distinguished persons accused of high treason.

In this hall are held the *coronation feasts* of the kings or queens of England.

ST. STEPHEN'S CHAPEL

Was added to the palace by King Stephen, about 1120, and was dedicated to the protomartyr Stephen. It was rebuilt in 1347, and was first used for the House of Commons by Edward VI.

THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

Were commenced in 1840; and incorporated into the building are Westminster Hall, the remains of the old palace, and St. Stephen's Chapel; the two latter being altered for the use of the two Houses of Parliament. Here are the Star Chamber, so called from the stars painted on the ceiling, and the Painted Chamber, used as places of conference between the Lords and Commons.

WESTMINSTER HALL

Was skilfully incorporated into the new building as a vestibule, and mostly retains its ancient character. These new Houses of Parliament occupy eight acres of ground, and are nine hundred feet in length. There are one thousand one hundred apartments, one hundred staircases, and ten miles of corridors. The law courts are in apartments on either side of Westminster Hall.

MAUD RIBBERFORD.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

JAMES SPAIGHT, aged seven years, died in Boston, Jan. 10, 1874. He had a remarkable musical genius, and was filling an engagement at the Boston Theatre, where he appeared each night as the young violinist. His last words were, "Merciful God, make room for a little fellow!" In reference to this exclamation, the "Boston Transcript" publishes the following verses from a Salem contributor.

MAKE room, O God, make room!
Room for the little life,
That early knew the strife
That makes us old;
Room for the tender years,
O'ershadowed by the fears
Of care untold.

Make room, O God, make room!
Room for the child-life there,
To bloom in gardens fair,
Unchecked and free;
Room for the childish joy,
Room for the gentle boy
To dwell with thee.

Make room, O God, make room!
No more the world's turmoil,
No more the daily toil,
Shall be begun;
No more the aching heart;—
He nobly bore his part,
His task is done.

Make room, O God, make room!
Death's mystic curtain rose,
Thy glories to disclose
Before him there;
In wonder and amaze,
He lifts his timid gaze,
And breathes his prayer.

Make room, O God, make room!
The Saviour heard the cry,
And took him home to lie
Upon his breast.
There, safe from every harm,
Encircled by his arm,
He is at rest.

Make room! Yes, boundless room!
The life denied him here
Shall shine undimmed and clear,
Just over there.
Redeemed and satisfied,
Shall live the little child
In answered prayer.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL PARTY.

[Here is a description of a Sunday-school party, as given by a little girl.]

AT five o'clock, one Thursday evening, the scholars went to the church parlor at the invitation of their teachers. They played all sorts of games until six, when the good things to eat were passed round to the ninety children. After supper they had a Shaker dance; and those that danced had their handkerchiefs tied over their heads. Then all played games again until eight o'clock, when the curtains were pulled down to make ready for the tableaux. First, they had "Little Red Riding Hood," which was very pretty; then "Cinderella," followed by the "Songs of Seven." Then two ladies and two gentlemen came in and sang, "'Way down in the old corn-field," and two or three other songs. One of them got up and went away, and the three that were left sang a song. Two of the three then left, and the

one that remained lay down. Then the company knew it was the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" they had seen performed. At nine o'clock the party broke up.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

READING such combinations of words as are given below is a capital way of limbering the tongue, and improving in the capability of distinct utterance. Try the experiment with so simple a sentence as, "Mother sends her best respects to you," and you will find that some of your young companions will say *sens;* a few of them, *bes;* and many of them, *respecs.* In practising these exercises, read first as slowly as is necessary to enunciate distinctly; then gradually read faster, until you get so that you can read very fast and still pronounce every word correctly. The amusement occasioned by the queer mistakes made in rapid enunciation makes the practice of such exercises a very good play.

Of all the saws I ever saw saw, I never saw a saw saw as this saw saws.

Crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crickled crabs!
A crate of crickled crabs Crazy Craycroft caught;
If Crazy Craycroft caught a crate of crickled crabs,
Where's the crate of crickled crabs Crazy Craycroft caught?

Thou wreath'd and muzzl'd'st the far-fetch'd ox, and imprison'dst him in the volcanic Mexican mountain of Pop-o-cat-a-pet-l, in Co-to-pax-i.

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked. If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?

When a twister twisting would twist him a twist,
For twisting a twist three times he will twist;
But if one of the twists untwist from the twist,
The twist untwisting untwists the twist.

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round; a round roll Robert Rowley rolled round. Where rolled the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

Theophilus Thistle, the successful thistle-sifter, in sifting a sieve full of thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb.

Amid the moist and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the post,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

Peter Prangler, the prickly pear picker, picked three pecks of prickly, prangley pears from the prangley pear trees on the pleasant prairies.

Villey Vite and Vife vent on a voyage to Vest Vinson and Vest Vindham von Vitson Vednesday.

I saw Esau kissing Kate;
The fact is, we all three saw;
I saw Esau, he saw me,
And she saw I saw Esau.

MORAL COSMETICS.

FROM AN OLD PAPER.

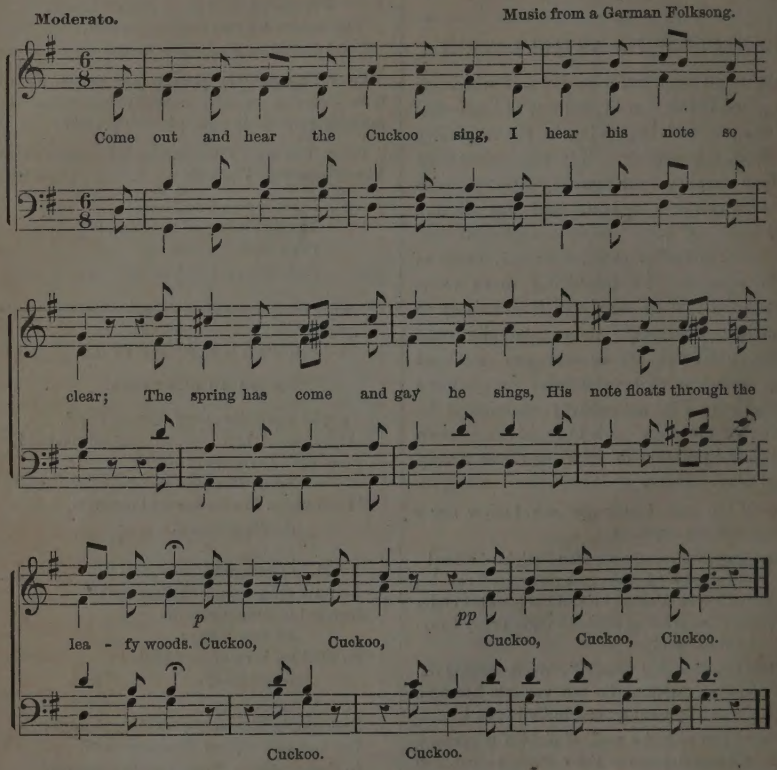
YE who would save your features florid,
Lithe limbs, bright eyes, unwrinkled forehead,
From age's devastation horrid,
Adopt this plan, —
'Twill make, in climates cold or torrid,
A hale old man:

Avoid, in youth, luxurious diet;
Restrain the passions' lawless riot;
Devoted to domestic quiet,
Be wisely gay;
So shall ye, spite of age's fiat,
Resist decay.

Seek not, in Mammon's worship, pleasure,
But find your richest, dearest treasure
In books, friends, music, polished leisure;
The mind, not sense,
Make the sole scale by which ye measure
Your opulence.

This is the solace, this the science,
Life's purest, sweetest, best appliance,
That disappoints not man's reliance,
Whate'er his state;
But challenges, with calm defiance,
Time, fortune, fate.

CUCKOO, CUCKOO.


Moderato.
Music from a German Folksong.
Come out and hear the Cuckoo sing, I hear his note so
clear; The spring has come and gay he sings, His note floats through the
p
pp
lea - fy woods. Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo.
Cuckoo. Cuckoo.

The bees roam through the fragrant air,
The flowers nod in the sun,
The children know the spring has come,
They hear Cuckoo in the leafy woods.
Cuckoo, cuckoo.

BLOWING SOAP BUBBLES.

MAKING POOR CHILDREN HAPPY.

IF you will read this little story, you can tell what the picture on the first page means.

The children of a family had some money given them to spend on a holiday. They sat down together to plan how they would spend it. They talked of many things, but could not at first agree.

At length one said, "Let us buy toys and carry them to the poor children at the Home." This pleased them all; and away they started to find mamma, and ask her if they might do so.

Of course mamma said yes. She went with them to buy the toys. When they got back from the store, she did up a large bundle of nice clothing, and then they all went together to the Home.

They were led into the sitting-room, and then the children of the Home were allowed to come in. Some of them were small children, and some large; but the presents were just such as each would like.

The picture shows them to you receiving their presents. Can you tell which look the happier,— those that give or those that receive?

You shall have another story. It is of a little boy who had just the same desire to make others happy. He lives in a town in New Hampshire.

Some of you have heard of Rev. Joseph E. Barry, the good missionary, who has labored for the Children's Mission ever since it began in Boston, and has been the means of making the children's charity a blessing to the poor. Now read this letter that came to him last month, and you will get the story: —

MR. BARRY, — I am eight years old. I am Mr. Day's boy. I have a dollar that I want you to give to the poorest children in Boston. I got the dollar by writing a prize letter. I want to have you buy them something to eat with it. What made me send the money was because that, if I had had no money, I should have wanted some one to have given me some money.

CLARENCE C. DAY.

You may be very sure Mr. Barry did as Clarence wished him; and he did not have to go very far to find the poor children he could for a time make happy.

BLOWING SOAP-BUBBLES.

ISN'T it fun? Little Sammy Williams tried it, but he could not make them go. They would come a little and then break.

His brother James said he would show him how. So he took the pipe, and blowed them so slowly

and carefully that they were almost as large as oranges. How prettily they floated away in the air!

You see how Willie watches the one that is growing from the pipe. James is going to blow two more, and then Willie will try again. He will do a great deal better next time.

How his eyes will shine when his bubble breaks away from the pipe, and flies away with the wind!

For The Dayspring.

MIRIAM.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER III. — *What We Saw.*

ACROSS the narrow entry, and we were out of the nursery and in our mother's chamber, where every thing was neat and orderly, from the smooth bed-quilt to the even napkin on the bureau. You all know what it is to go to "mother's room" when your head aches, or you have cut your finger, or a boy or girl has been unkind to you, or, what is worse, you have been unkind to some one.

If mother were too busy for us, or wanted to be still, down Molly and I trudged the easy stairs, holding by the carved balusters, into our cosey back parlor, and on to the broad window-seats, where, if there was nothing else to do, there were the slat-blinds to open and shut, — I don't know how many times in a minute. And what wasn't there to see in the street? On the sidewalk, men and women, with puckered faces, going up and down. In the middle of the street, hand-carts dragged by men; long trucks laden with hogsheads; and, if we looked out early, Major Brown driving the stage-coach to collect the passengers and trunks for the stage office. We looked most often at the white and purple pigeons, fat and comfortable, cooing and pecking among the paving stones. It did not occur to us how like we were to the birds, eating and amusing ourselves from morning till night, while parents and servants delved that we might live happily and sleep soundly.

Across the street stood a row of stiff poplars, green sentinels, guarding Mr. Brenton's gabled house. From our mother's chamber window we looked, on the right, into his enchanting garden, where we should have liked to fly with the pigeons; and on the left, into his green pasture, where his cows grazed among the blooming hollyhocks. The high fence shut us out below; but we could always watch the steps, and sometimes see Mr. Brenton walk slowly down, in small-clothes, silk stockings, buckles, cocked hat, and pig-tail surmounting powdered shoulders. Sometimes Miss Jenny came with him, and off they went in the carriage; and no happiness seemed quite equal to that.

Perhaps the old gentleman noticed the peering little faces pressed against the window-panes. He could hardly have been as curious about us as we about him. Old! we thought nobody could be older. Why, we thought our father old, with thick black hair, red cheeks, teeth like pearls, and a hearty laugh; and our mother pretty old, though we saw she was handsomer in her night-cap than other women dressed for a party. She must have been a picture for us to notice her face; for no one is homely to a child who has a kind or merry way, and is willing to tell stories and play games. They tell me now that Toto was homely; but if they had told me so then I should have fought with them.

How is it about people plaguing you? With all I had to enjoy I was such a goose as to think my mother was bent on plaguing me if she would not let me have a girl to tea, or go to tea with her. I used to long so to have my wish granted that it seemed absolutely cruel to be denied. But this is a lesson we all have to learn, — and it is easiest to learn it early, — that we cannot have all our wishes granted, and that it would hurt us if we could.

I had a friend, a sort of a friend, that few of you have, at least in so many rooms at once. Impossible, you say? Not when I tell you my friend was a wood-fire, — the sun of the house. A furnace keeps the entry warm, gives little trouble, and is cheap; but a hole in the floor is not so cheerful as a blazing wood-fire. I liked to brush the black-satin soot from the jambs. I never tired seeing the fire built. When there was no iron log, an immense wooden one was dumped down, large green back-sticks, dry fore-sticks, and plenty of bark. The fire was lighted by hot coals from an iron fire-pan. The first fire was kindled by a tinder-box. The bellows blown, the wood snapped as if picking a quarrel with the patient andirons, and the green back-stick spluttered a sigh for its lost life in the woods.

The warmth set our tongues going; and, as we cuddled around the hearth, one cried: "The fire's not built right; it does not burn clear." Another: "Pick up that brand before it smokes." Well kindled and burning clear, we grew silent, watching the odd faces and grotesque towers fashioned by the scarlet coals, quickly turning black and crumbling to ashes, to give place to others as short-lived.

When wood grew scarce and dear, a grate to burn coal was set in the parlor, — a gay grate, almost all brass. We had brass knockers, door-locks, andirons, warming-pans, fenders, basins, candlesticks; but there was less brass in our manners than children have now: we were modest and respectful, and were very proud of being allowed to sit by and listen to our elders.

In many ways the world is better than when I was a child. We have no slaves now; we are beginning to respect the rights of our humble friends, the dumb creatures; but I fear we must go back to the old times to learn to be respectful and tender to the aged.

WHAT THE VIOLET SAID TO JOHNNIE.

Ho, Johnnie, ho! you never will know
How I come up or when I grow.
And if you should ask me, I should say,
I'm growing a little every day.

Long before you are out of bed,
I'm pushing hard with my little head;
And when I feel the warmth of the sun
Down on my bed, then up I come.

And when my first little leaves get through,
You wonder and wonder when I grew;
But you might watch me from spring to fall,
And never would see me grow at all.

My seed springs open under the ground,
Where all is dark, and I hear no sound;
But by and by I begin to grow, —
And that, little Johnnie, is all I know.

I suppose you think it's very queer:
Last night I was not; to-day I'm here!
But I am as much surprised as you
At the funny way in which I grew.

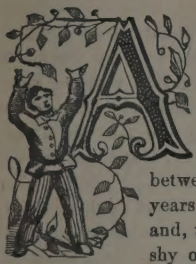
AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

THE Arabs say: "Do good and do not speak of it, and assuredly thy kindness will be recompensed to thee."

For The Dayspring.

CHRISTOPHER.



A SUNDAY or two ago, I was asked to take charge of a class whose teacher was absent. There were six or eight bright boys, between ten and twelve years of age, in the class; and, though we were rather shy of each other at first, were getting along very nicely when a new scholar appeared. I asked his name and wrote it in the class-book.

"Christopher Merrifield," he said. "It's awfully long. I wish it were shorter."

"Why, Christopher," said I, "it's a grand name. Do you know the story of it?"

No, Christopher had never heard it, but he looked interested, as did the other boys; so I told it.

"A long time ago there lived a very strong, brave man named Offero, whose greatest wish was to use his strength in the service of the mightiest and highest. So he joined in the service of a great conqueror, who was thought to be the bravest man in the world. Offero served this great king very faithfully for a long time, until he heard that the king feared Satan.

"He whom you fear must be mightier than you," said Offero, "therefore I must seek him, for I will serve the mightiest." But he soon discovered that Satan feared Christ. Now Offero had never even heard of Christ before, and did not know where to find or how to serve him.

One day he met a hermit who had passed all his days alone in the midst of a wilderness, in fasting and prayer. This man bid Offero seek and serve Christ by prayer, penance, and fasting; but Offero shook his head.

"Meseems I should thus waste my great strength. No, if that is the only way, I cannot serve him."

So he went away very sorrowful, and wandered about the world for a long time; but he met no one that could tell him how to find Christ. At last he came to a wide river, where there was no bridge, and all the old and the weak people found it very difficult to cross. Offero thought he could use his great strength in no better way than by carrying these people across the river. So he built himself a little hut on the bank, and when any one came that was old and helpless, or young and weak, he would bear him across on his shoulders.

One night, when he was weary of his day's toil and had gone to his hut to find rest, he heard a faint voice calling him, and going out saw a very little child, who begged to be taken across. The night was dark and Offero was tired, but his kind heart was moved with pity, and he lifted the little child tenderly in his arms and stepped into the water.

Such a little burden it seemed at first, but as he went on it grew heavier and heavier, the arms about his neck were almost dragging him beneath the water, and it seemed that the strong man must sink under the weight of the little child. But, when the current was almost bearing them away, the child whispered in his ear to trust in the Lord; and, listening to the words of the child, Offero seemed to grow stronger, and reached the other side. As he set down the child, he said, "I thought I was serving the smallest and weakest, but thou art heavier than any I have ever carried."

The child was going on his way, but turned, and Offero heard a whisper borne to him on the breeze, "Thou art blessed. Thy name is now Christofero. For in bearing me thou hast borne Christ." And then was Christo-

pher happy, for he knew he had served the Highest.

And all through his after life, when his burdens were heavy, and he was almost sinking under them, he put his trust in the Lord, knowing that he was serving the Highest, as told in the Master's own glorious words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of *the least* of these, ye have done it unto me."

ALL THINGS SERVE GOD.

WINDS, wherefore do ye blow?
Tell me, tell me!
We blow the seeds to sow,
Of the wild wood flowers.

Sun, wherefore do you shine?
Tell me, tell me!
I shine that the wild vine
May clothe the shady bowers.

Rains, wherefore do ye fall?
Tell me, tell me!
I fall for the tree tall,
Which toward heaven towers.

Thus winds and rains and sun fulfil
Of the All-Wise One, the infinite will,
And serve Him with varied powers.

M. L. B.

OVEL ILLUSTRATION OF AN OLD COMMANDMENT.

AT a Sunday school lately, a teacher said to his class: "What is the biggest lie you can think of?"

One said one thing, and another another, when suddenly a bright-eyed little fellow of six spoke up: "Crying fire when there ain't any."

"What is there so very bad about that?" said the teacher.

"Well," said the little boy, "the other day there was an alarm, and in trying to get out No. 5 they 'most broke down the door of the engine-house, — and there wan't any fire, after all!"

For The Dayspring.

AN INCIDENT.

"IF I was a boy I would not smoke!"

These words, uttered by May Collins to her little friend, were said with so much feeling that Jennie immediately dropped her work, and looking up into the face of her companion said: "Why, May! and why did you think of that *now?*"

"I want to tell you about Freddie Davis. You know he is in the intermediate school. Well, one day, when he had been home for dinner, and had come back to have a nice play before school commenced in the afternoon, he took a piece of cigar of his father's from his pocket, and with a match lighted it, to show the boys how manly he could look. Just at that time his father was passing the school-house; and, as soon as he saw Freddie, he went right to him, and led him back to his home."

"What did he do to him?"

"I don't know; but his father looked *very* angry, and his little sister said, when she came to school: 'Brother had been punished, and was crying, and mamma was crying too.' You know, Jennie, Freddie has never been to Sunday school, and perhaps he did not think it was wrong to smoke because he had seen his father do it. Let's ask him to go to our Sunday school, and then our superintendent will teach him what is right."

A TEACHER.

THE SWAN.

[From the German of Rückert.]

As the pure swan, that swims the pure and glassy tide,
Sees in the heaven below his mirrored image ride,
And, when he long has drawn his circles in the lake,

Dives down, and of his course leaves not the faintest wake, —
Blest he who keeps himself so pure on earth, and goes
So peacefully from life men scarcely note its close.

C. T. B.

HUMOROUS.

A GÉNIUS was explaining the utility of an India rubber ship which he was inventing, when an old salt exclaimed: "No, no; it will never do. An India rubber ship would rub out all the lines of latitude and longitude, to say nothing of the equator!"

"How is coal now?" said a gentleman to Patrick, who was dumping a load along the street.

"Black as ever," was the reply.

Montague Matthew, being called Matthew Montague, said there was great difference between a chestnut horse and a horse-chestnut.

A writer of a letter begged in a postscript that his bad spelling might be excused, as he could not get a good pen.

Peter Parley told of a boy who had learned in his grammar, "A noun is a name of any thing, as horse, hair, justice." Afterwards, seeing his father, who was a Justice of the Peace, seated upon a hair-cloth settee trying a case, he said, "My father is a horse-hair justice, therefore my father is a noun."

Some years ago the head-master of the Rugby School in England was a Dr. Wooll. He was a small man, but very severe in his discipline. One of his scholars suggested that, over the door of the room where the scholars were punished, the motto should be, "Great Cry and Little Wool."

An Irishman, censuring some boys for loitering in the street, said, "If everybody were to stand in the streets, how could anybody pass?"

Another Irishman, asked what *nothing* is, answered, "a footless stocking with no legs."

"I declare, mother," said a little girl, "'tis too bad. You always send me to bed when I am not sleepy, and you always make me get up when I am sleepy."

"SEWING-ACHES."

JANET sat down by her mother to sew. She was making a case for her own little pillow.

"All this?" she asked in a discontented tone, holding out the seam.

"That is not much for a little girl who has a work-basket of her own," said her mother.

"Yes," thought Janet, "mother has given me a work-basket, and I ought to be willing to sew;" and with that she took a few stitches very diligently.

"I have a dreadful pain in my side," said Janet, in a few moments. "My thumb is very sore," she said shortly after. "Oh, my hand is so tired," came next. And with that she laid down her work. Next there was something the matter with her foot, and then her eye.

At length the sewing was done, and Janet brought it to her mother.

"Now may I go out to play?" she asked in such an altered tone that you could hardly know it was Janet's.

"Should I not send first for a doctor?" said her mother.

"The doctor for *me*, mother?" cried the little girl, much surprised.

"Certainly," said her mother. "A little girl so full of pains and aches must be unwell, and the sooner we have the doctor the better."

"O, mother," said Janet, laughing, "they were *sewing-aches!* I am well enough now."

I have heard of other little girls besides this one who had sewing-aches and pains whenever their parents had work for them to do. These aches and pains do show ailment. They are symptoms of a bad disease, — a disease which eats some people up. It is called "selfishness." It causes children to be cross, and fretful, and disobliging, and troublesome, and unhappy; and I am sure it makes those unhappy and sad who have the charge of them.

We hope none of our little readers ever have "*sewing-aches.*" — *Early Days.*

"THEY who the faults of others bring to you,
Be sure they'll bear to others your faults too."

Puzzles.

7.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Venerable American Poet and Historian.

In brotherly attachment none stood higher;
I guard mankind from cold as well as fire;
To every Latin dunce well known am I;
All trembling cowards seek me when they fly;
A man can live on one, but best with two;
A beast that gives to justice reverence due;
What children oft regard with a wry face;
The designation of a watering-place;
A foreign cheese the epicures much prize;
An old thing some men value, — some despise;
A tear, a trap, a precious ornament;
Who dines with me can need no condiment;
A thing that disinclines a man to pray;
In me true Christians work, true children play.

C. T. B.

8.

ENIGMA.

MY FIRST.

I am quite a small 'beastie,' gentle and shy,
Very swift is my foot, very bright is my eye;
To distance me you little folks are not able,
That the Tortoise once did so, believe me, is fable.

MY SECOND.

I summon the faithful to praise and to prayer,
Greet gaily the bridal, and welcome the heir;
Of alarm, cheer, and warning my varied tones tell,
And sadly my voice speaks the funeral knell.

MY WHOLE.

My delicate blossoms, graceful and fair,
I hide where the hillsides are rugged and bare;
Where they scarce feel the sunshine, nor the heavens can view,
I bring my bright beauty, bring the heaven's deep blue.

F. B. T.

6.

SQUARE WORD.

A Scottish isle once famed for Druid rites;
A Prussian river next your thought invites;
Another river, found in Russian lands;
And last a rider fleet o'er desert sands.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

4. — What surer can our lives distress,
Break peace, and make us slumberless,
Than bitter *cares?*

To comfort, what more potent prove
Than that expressive act of love, —
A sweet *caress?*

SHERBORN, Mass.

5. — Love one another.

6. — MIGHT
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